

MARVEL

008

SOULE • SUZUKA • MILLA

DAREDEVIL

ALL-NEW STORY
BLIND MAN'S BLUFF
STARTS NOW!

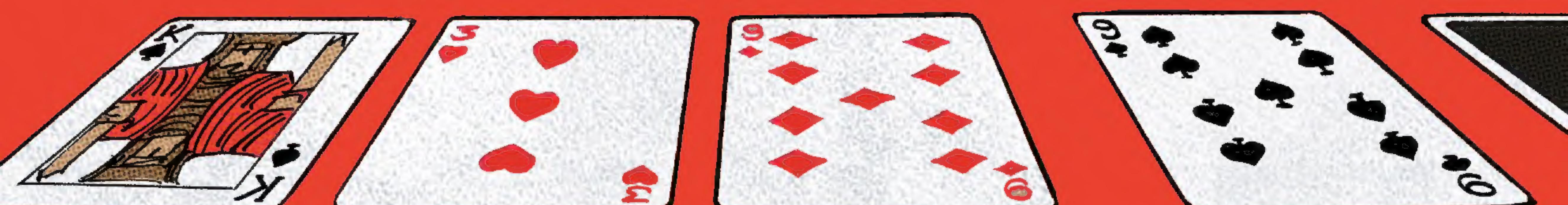


MACAU.

I
RAISE, FIFTY
THOUSAND.

These cards
I'm holding?

Absolutely
no idea what
they are.



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

DAREDEVIL

MATT MURDOCK BECAME A FAMOUS DEFENSE ATTORNEY BUT WAS EVENTUALLY FORCED TO PUBLICLY REVEAL HE WAS DAREDEVIL.

HE HAS MYSTERIOUSLY FOUND A WAY TO KEEP HIS SECRET FROM THE WORLD AGAIN AND HAS NOW BECOME A PROSECUTOR FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK. BUT MATT DOESN'T MIND AN OCCASIONAL ADVENTURE OUTSIDE OF THE BIG APPLE...

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF PART I

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The cards are covered in a coating to protect them from wear. It also means I can't read them with my fingertips, enhanced senses or no.

But this is *poker*. Texas Hold 'Em, to be specific. One of the only games I can really play in a casino, as a blind man.

Because in this game, it's not so important to read the cards...

...if you can read the people.

These are all *expert* players, or they wouldn't have gotten this far in the tournament.

They have complete, perfect control of their faces and body language. They communicate exactly what they want to, nothing more.

But there's more than one way to read someone.

MR. LEVASSEUR RAISES FIFTY THOUSAND.



Chang. Slow, measured heartbeat. He's calm. He knows he's lost, and he's about to fold. He's got nothing left to worry about, and so he's completely relaxed.

Ms. Marcos. Her heart's pounding-- but it's not a winner's heartbeat.

She loves to win, but *hates* to lose. Her pulse jacks up *twice* as fast when she has a losing hand. It makes her angry.

Hank. Hmm. He's steady. Hard to tell what he's thinking, one way or the other.

Except that he's tapping his toes inside his boot-- which he only does when he's got a bad hand.

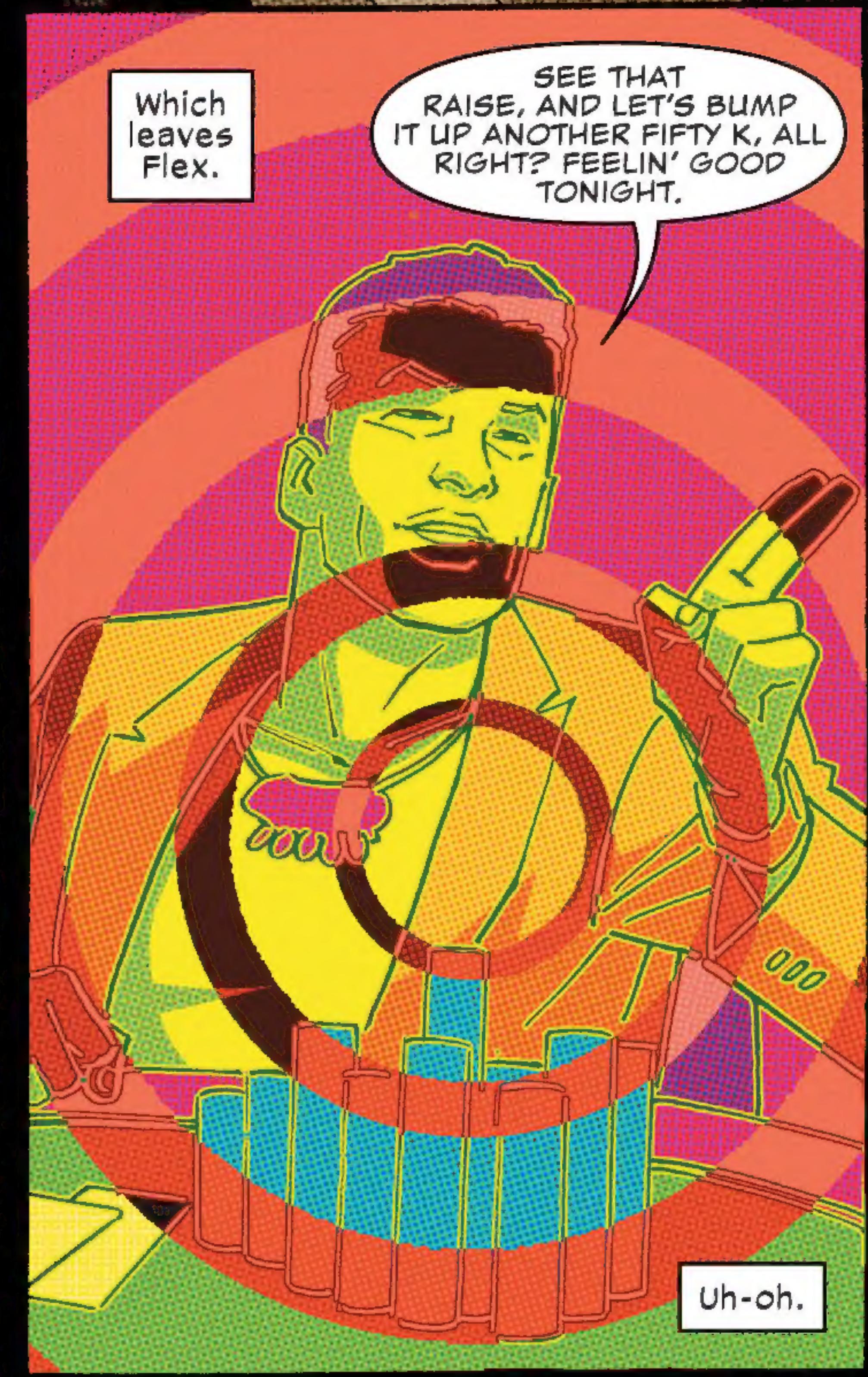
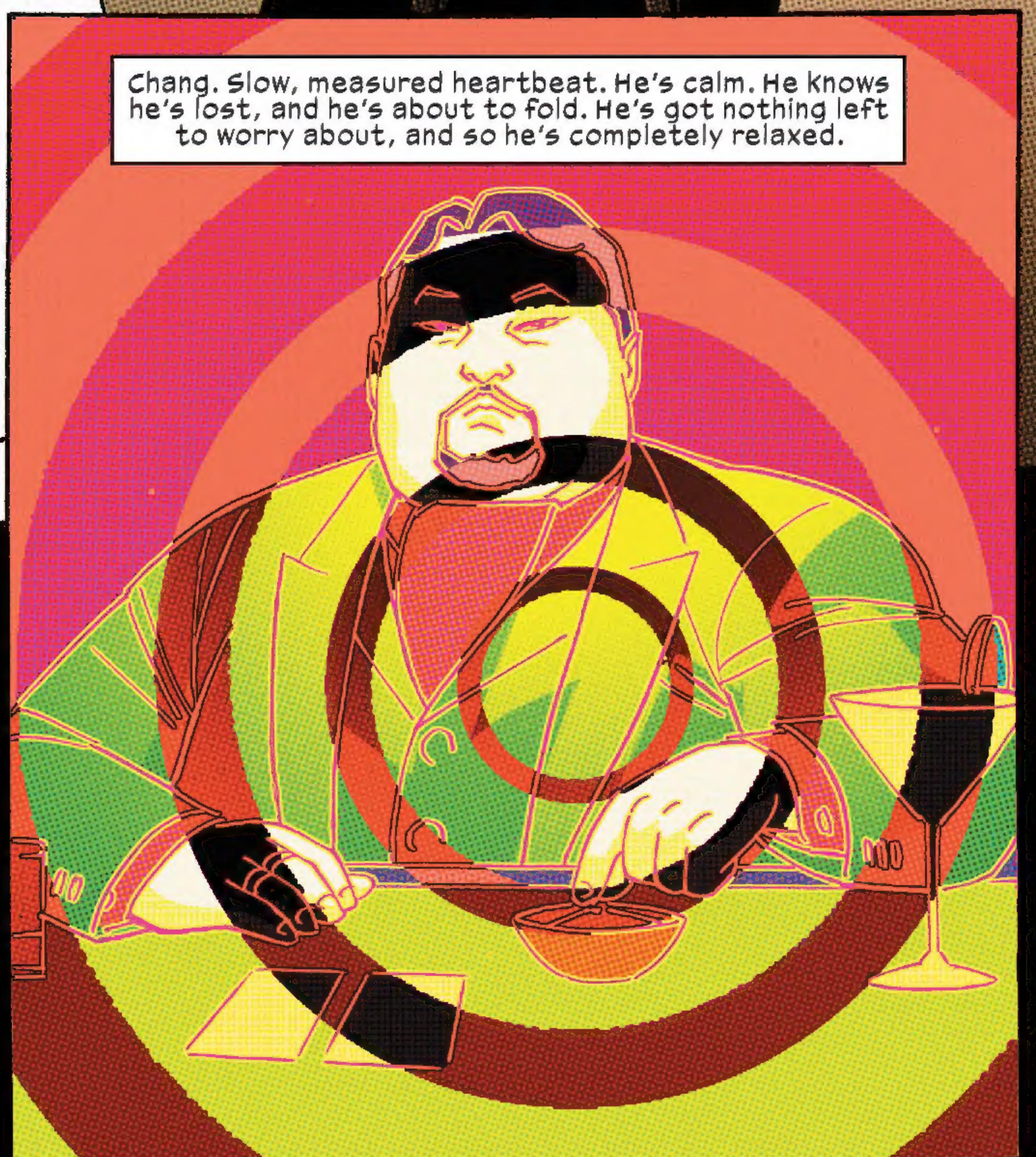
It's not even a *tell*, really, because no one at the table can detect it.

No one else, anyway.

SEE THAT RAISE, AND LET'S BUMP IT UP ANOTHER FIFTY K, ALL RIGHT? FEELIN' GOOD TONIGHT.

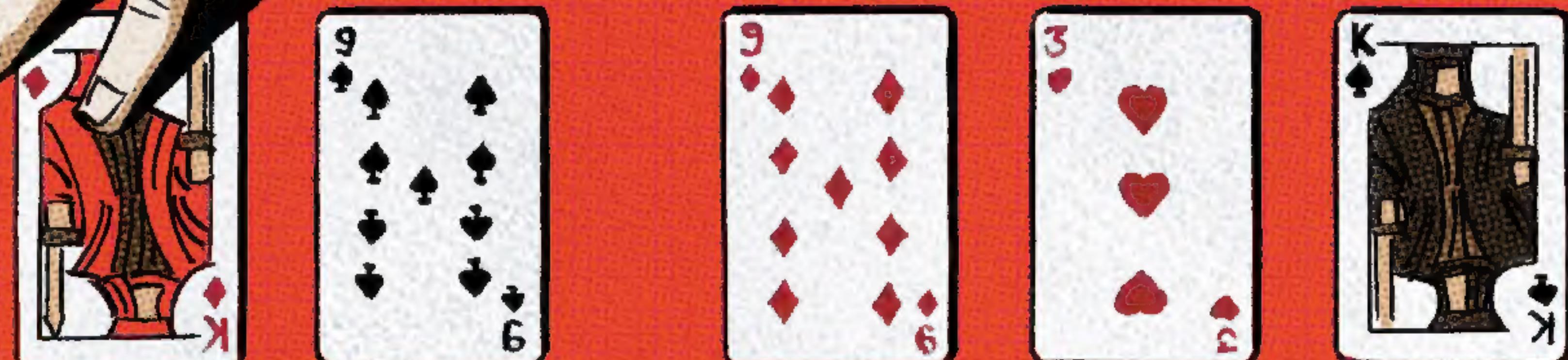
Which leaves Flex.

Uh-oh.





KING OF DIAMONDS.
RIVER SHOWING
TWO PAIR.



WELL,
LOOK AT
THAT.

Okay, two pair showing, and it's just Flex and me left in this round.

If either of us has a king or nine, we'll have a full house, which is a hell of a hand.

But if we don't, then...all right. Work through the odds. We know that the other players wouldn't have folded if they...

You know what?

Let's just see what happens.

ALL IN.



LATER.

This island used to be a Portuguese colony--their last, until China took it back in 1999.

Now it's a playground, under China's control but with its own laws--it's one of the only places in the country you can legally gamble, for one thing.

I've pulled this poker trick before, but it was half a world away, in Monaco, and under a different name. No one should make the connection. I hope not, anyway.

The Triads run this place, and they don't mess around.

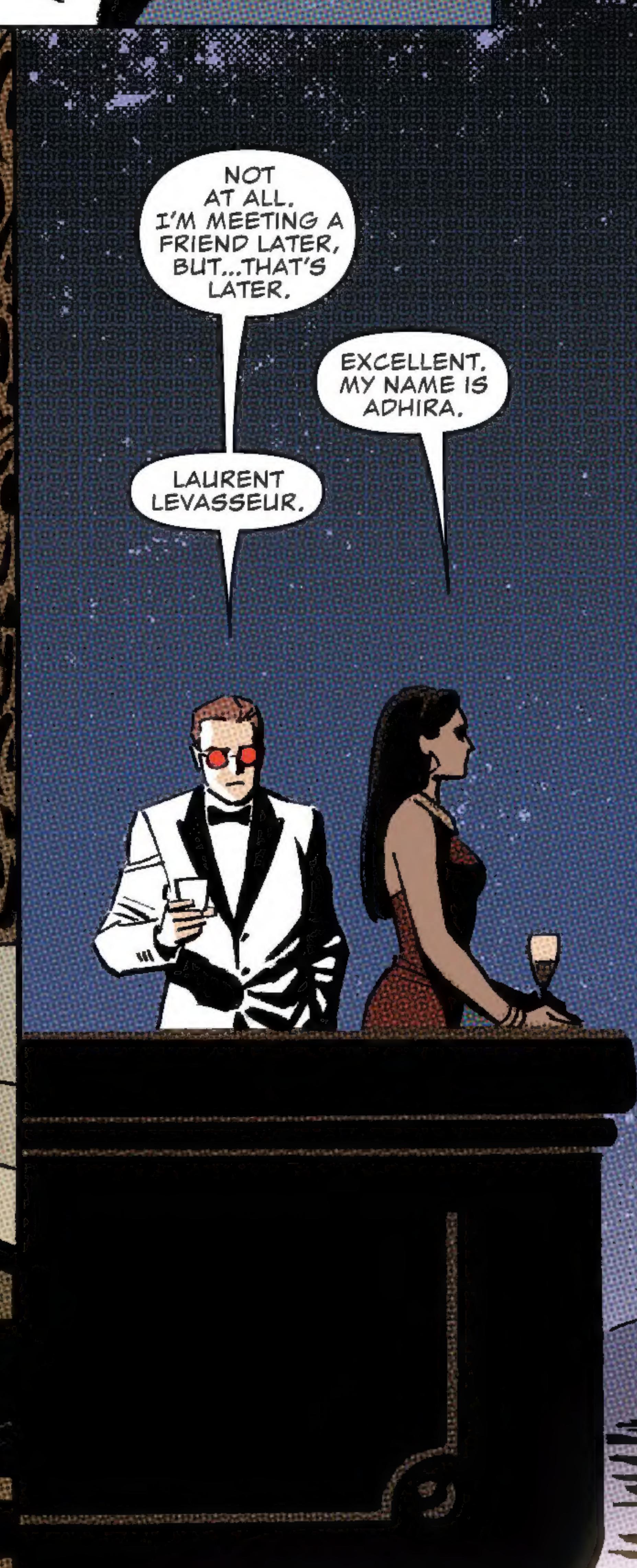
MAY I JOIN YOU?

THAT IS, UNLESS YOU WOULD RATHER BE ALONE.

NOT AT ALL. I'M MEETING A FRIEND LATER, BUT...THAT'S LATER.

EXCELLENT. MY NAME IS ADHIRA.

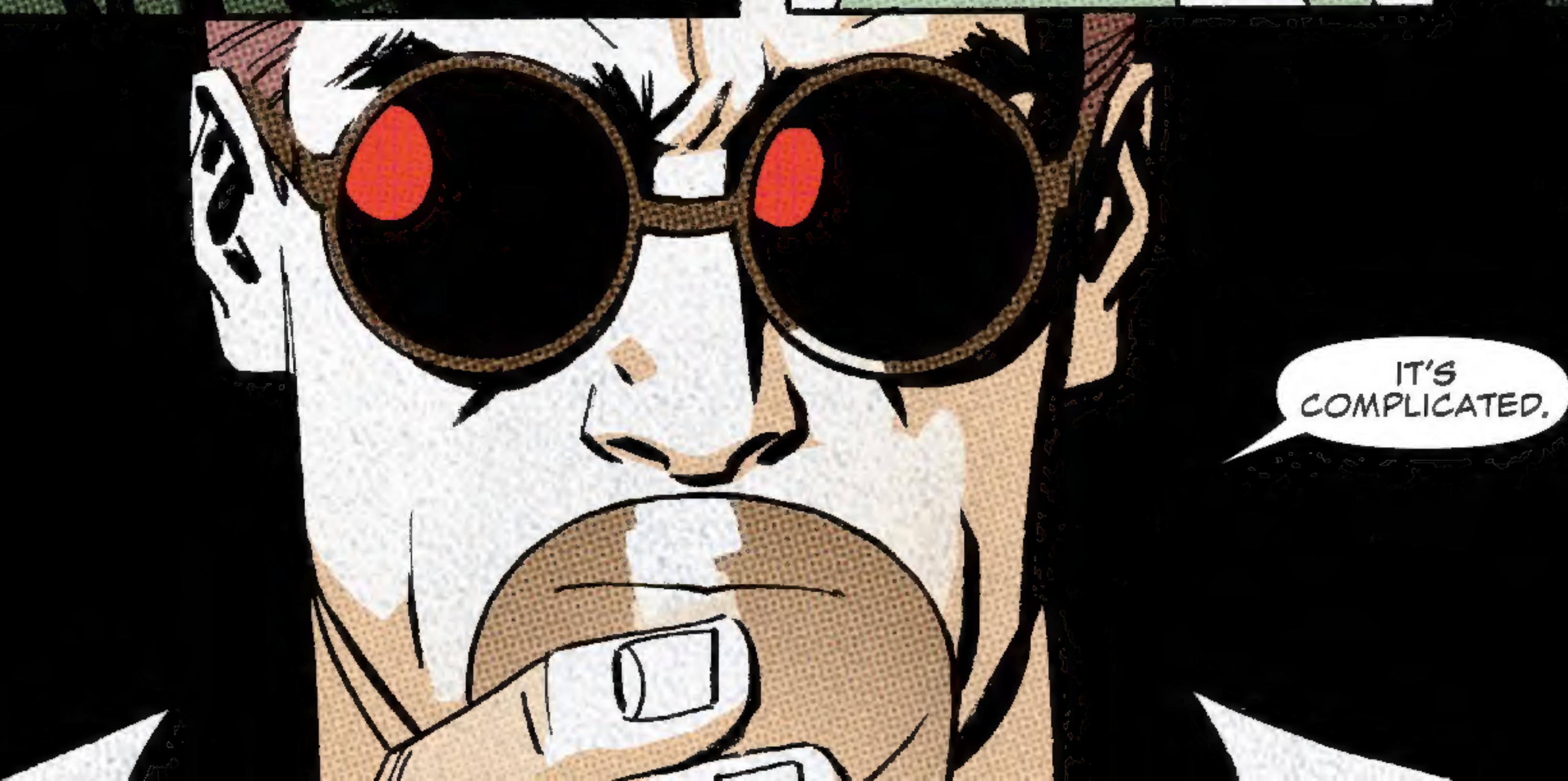
LAURENT LEVASSEUR.



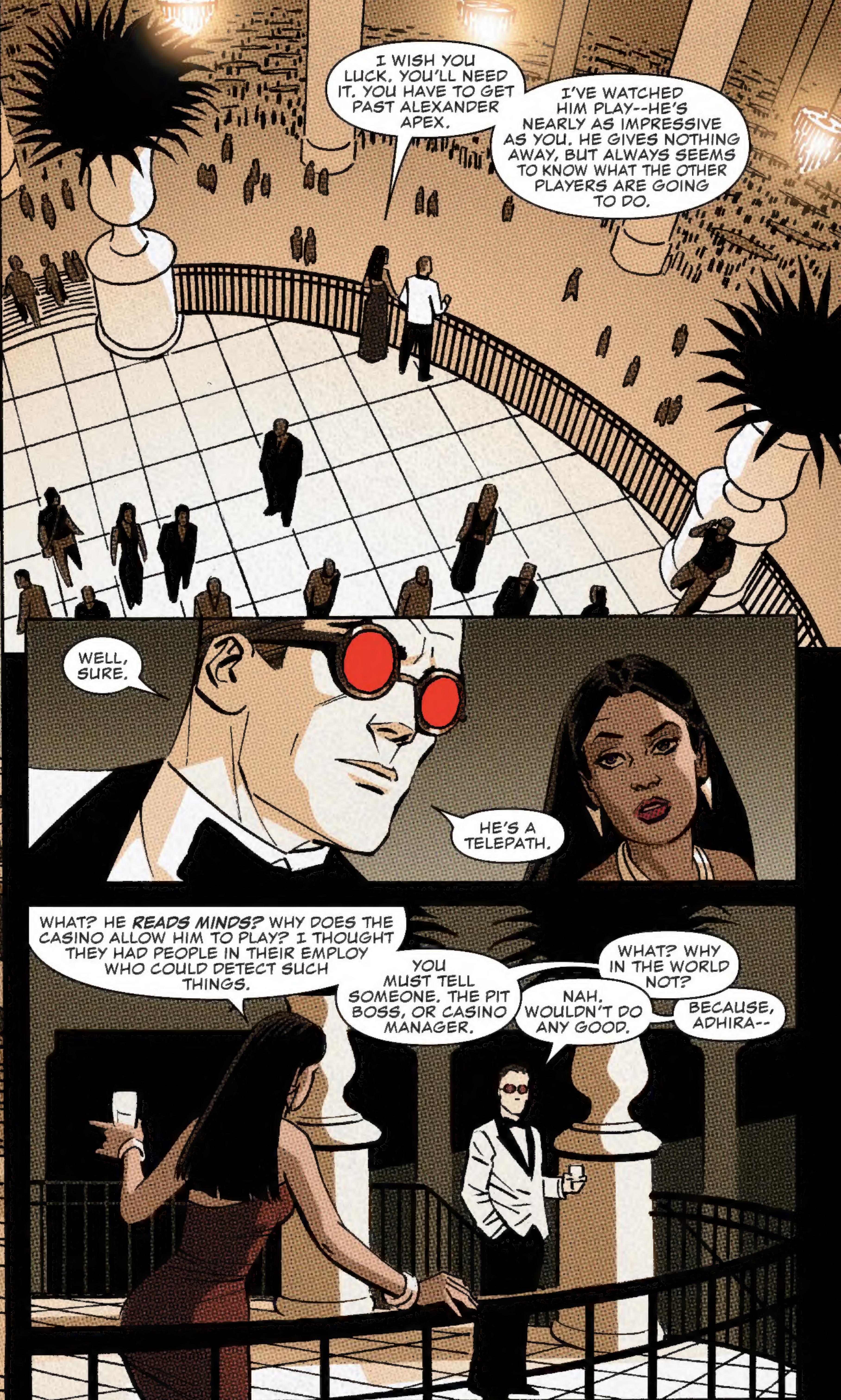
LEVASSEUR...
ARE YOU
FRENCH?

SOMETIMES.

AH, WELL,
EITHER WAY,
YOU SEEM TO BE A
LONG WAY FROM HOME.
WHY HAVE YOU COME
ALL THE WAY TO
MACAU?







"APEX USED HIS ABILITIES TO HUSTLE CASINOS ALL OVER THE WORLD. IT WORKED FOR A WHILE...BUT IT DIDN'T WORK FOREVER."

"LIKE YOU SAID, THEY HAVE THEIR OWN TELEPATHS ON THE PAYROLL, AND EVENTUALLY THEY GOT WISE."

"THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THIS PLACE CAUGHT HIM, AND THEY GAVE HIM A CHOICE."

"A SHORT HELICOPTER RIDE AND A LONG DROP INTO THE SOUTH CHINA SEA, OR AN EXCITING NEW JOB WITH THE CASINO."

"YOU KNOW THE RULES FOR THIS TOURNAMENT--IT'S WINNER TAKE ALL, AND MOST OF THE ENTRY FEE FROM THE PLAYERS GOES BACK INTO THE POT AS THE PRIZE."

"BUT IF THE CASINO HAS ONE OF THEIR OWN WIN THE TOURNAMENT, THEN THEY KEEP EVERYTHING."

"YOU WANT TO *URP* PLAY? LET'S PLAY, YOU BASTARDS!"





Apex's powers let him dip into the other players' minds.

It's why he always wins.

CHECK.



To which I say, Mr. Apex...

He knows what everyone else is holding.

He sees through their eyes.

...I wish you the best of luck.

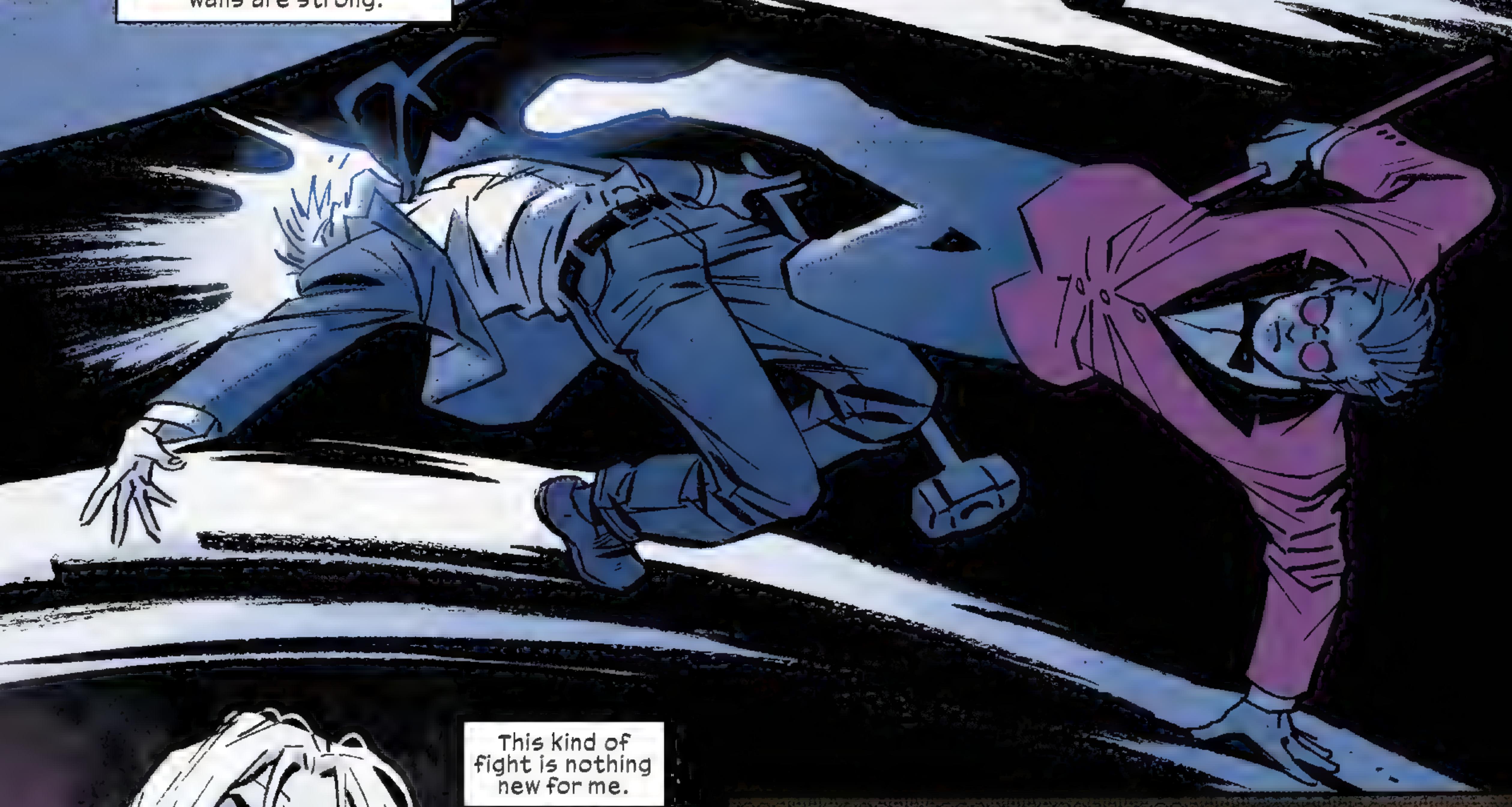




God, he's strong.

In a world with telepaths around every other corner, a secret identity doesn't last unless your mental walls are strong.

I have defenses against psychics--Stick and my other senseis taught me to protect my mind as much as my body.



This kind of fight is nothing new for me.

MR. APEX?
WHAT WOULD YOU
LIKE TO DO?

UH...I...
I RAISE, RAISE
FIFTY.

YES, SIR.

But my God, he's strong.

And I think he's just getting started.

This is just my mind's interpretation of Apex's attack.

AGH!

But it feels real enough.

All right, pal. You want to raise...



"LET'S
RAISE."



ALL IN.

MR.
LEVASSEUR
IS ALL IN.

000

The stakes here...this isn't just about the game anymore.

MR. APEX...
YOUR NOSE.
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

W-WHAT?

If he breaks through my defenses,
he'll know everything. He'll know
who I am...what I'm trying to do.

I'M FINE.
I'M FINE!

I CALL,
DAMMIT! NEXT
CARD!

Why did
I do this?

AHHHAHAHA!

SSSSK

Why do I always
have to roll
the dice?

I'm always chasing.
Trying to make up
my losses.

Betting everything
I have to get back
in the game.

My identity,
Kirsten, Foggy, my
happiness...my life.

On some level,
I know it's foolish.
A compulsion.

But if I
don't play...



The hotel combed me a room on their top floor--their best suite. They said it was in honor of my winning the tournament. A nice gesture.

Except it's not. They just don't want me to leave.

They have no idea how I beat Apex, and now they're trying to keep me here long enough for him to recover and win all this money right back for them.

So, they give me a fancy room.

MR. LEVASSEUR. THAT WAS INCREDIBLY IMPRESSIVE. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. I'D LOVE TO DISCUSS IT WITH YOU, PERHAPS--



And, presumably, anything else I want. Anything to keep me here.

ANOTHER TIME. I'VE GOT A FRIEND TO MEET, REMEMBER?

But the truth is, I'm not going anywhere. This is exactly where I want to be.

Ten million dollars. Hong Kong. Not bad for a day's work. Too bad I can't cash it. It's made out to Levasseur.

Ten grand down the drain--plus the cost of the plane ticket.

Time to get to work.



Oh, well. Cost of doing business.



HEY, THERE.



TO BE CONTINUED...

**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



DON'T
MISS

DAREDEVIL #9

WRITE TO US AT MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM AND MARK IT "OK TO PRINT".

